

BULL, March 27th, 1915.

**Insurance Gifts for EVERY Soldier and Sailor. See page 22.**

# JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 460

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1915.

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

396781

For meaning of  
this No. see  
Page 34.

Come the three corners of the  
world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: nought  
shall make us rue,  
If *Britain* to itself do rest  
but true.

Edited by  
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.**



The  
"Spring"  
is  
Coming!

Guaranteed  
Circulation  
over  
One  
Million  
Copies  
Weekly.



**OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE** (See page 22.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 22, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be permanently insured during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

**SPECIAL NOTE.**—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 22, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

## GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 22.)

Name of Insured..... Address.....

Age next Birthday.....

### NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my house or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... Address.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

*This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, March 31, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, April 1.*

# OLD CALABAR

**PET DOG, PUPPY AND "MIDGET" BISCUITS.** The old and reliable foods.

Booklet and Samples of any food for Dogs or Poultry sent free by: The Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

**JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.**

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C. March 27, 1915.

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.*

# GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLES contain every recent perfection and improvement, and each component is supplied by a maker whose speciality is universally recognised as being of unrivalled excellence. We deliver the Graves cycle carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- NOW. Balance in small monthly payments is satisfied. Motor back if disappointed. **REYNOLD'S** Taping, Clincher or Dunlop Tyres, Spurney-Archer or B.S.A. Three-Speed Gear, Sans Rensons Chain, Brooks Saddle, etc. Guaranteed Ten Years. Write for Catalogue. Models for Ladies and Gentlemen from 64/10 on Rize Terms. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD. NOW 10/-



**FIRST READ THIS.**

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a **X** in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a **X** in the Away Column. For Draws put a **X** in the Draw Column.

## John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, April 10.

| HOME. | AWAY. | DRAW. | HOME TEAM.      | AWAY TEAM.           |
|-------|-------|-------|-----------------|----------------------|
|       |       |       | Liverpool       | v. Manchester C.     |
|       |       |       | Bradford        | v. Aston Villa       |
|       |       |       | Oldham A.       | v. Sheffield U.      |
|       |       |       | Manchester U.   | v. Middlesbrough     |
|       |       |       | Bolton W.       | v. Newcastle U.      |
|       |       |       | Notts C.        | v. Burnley           |
|       |       |       | Sunderland      | v. Bradford C.       |
|       |       |       | W. Bromwich A.  | v. Everton           |
|       |       |       | Stockport C.    | v. Barnsley          |
|       |       |       | Clapton O.      | v. Preston N.E.      |
|       |       |       | Arsenal         | v. Bury              |
|       |       |       | Lincoln C.      | v. Huddersfield T.   |
|       |       |       | Southend U.     | v. Crystal P.        |
|       |       |       | Queen's Park R. | v. Swindon           |
|       |       |       | Millwall A.     | v. Portsmouth        |
|       |       |       | Bristol R.      | v. Luton T.          |
|       |       |       | Croydon C.      | v. Exeter C.         |
|       |       |       | Reading         | v. Cardiff C.        |
|       |       |       | Southampton     | v. Brighton and H.A. |
|       |       |       | Plymouth A.     | v. West Ham U.       |

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

**20** Address .....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

## Read Rules Carefully.

### NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rules for marking the Entrance Form:— If you predict the Home Team will win, put a **X** in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a **X** in the Away Column. For a Draw put a **X** in the Draw Column.
2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, out out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top-left-hand corner, Football Contest No. 20, and send to reach us not later than Friday, April 9th.
3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on April 10. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number.
4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.
5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.
6. In the event of a tie in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, or the £100 will be equally divided.
7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.
8. Scottish readers may enter.

**CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, APRIL 9th.**

### DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

| H A D | TEAMS.                         | H A D | TEAMS.                            |
|-------|--------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------------|
|       | Liverpool v. Manchester City   |       | Arsenal v. Bury                   |
|       | Bradford v. Aston Villa        |       | Lincoln City v. Huddersfield T.   |
|       | Oldham A. v. Sheffield U.      |       | Southend United v. Crystal Palace |
|       | Manchester U. v. Middlesbrough |       | Queen's Park R. v. Swindon        |
|       | Bolton Wand. v. Newcastle U.   |       | Millwall A. v. Portsmouth         |
|       | Notts County v. Burnley        |       | Bristol Rovers v. Luton Town      |
|       | Sunderland v. Bradford City    |       | Croydon Common v. Exeter City     |
|       | West Bromwich A. v. Everton    |       | Reading v. Cardiff City           |
|       | Stockport City v. Barnsley     |       | Southampton v. Brighton and H.A.  |
|       | Clapton Orient v. Preston N.E. |       | Plymouth A. v. West Ham U.        |

# JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :  
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVIII. No. 460

Week ending Saturday, March 27th, 1915.

One Penny.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters. All communications should be addressed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

## £10 REWARD.

**WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for March 20th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 796,66'.**

Any person possessing this copy should apply to  
**THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"**  
**93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

### The Date of Peace.

Here is an extract from a letter written by an officer in the French army, who has been continually in the fighting line from the beginning, and has attained great distinction: "We are all satisfied that the war will either be over by the beginning of July, or that, if not, then we shall have to commence an absolutely new campaign." We do not think there will be a new campaign.

### A Fastidious Parson.

We have received so many kindly words from the clergy of late that we cannot refrain from noticing that in a recent sermon the Rev. Dr. Haigh, ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, in quoting from our columns—as the clergy are now always doing—said he would not mention our name "lest he should soil his lips by doing so." Our reverend friend evidently goes in for lip service.

### Our Recruiting Campaign.

On another page we deal with the art of recruiting, as it impresses us after several months of experience; and we respectfully commend our conclusions to others engaged in the good work. With reference to the week which we are shortly putting in at the Glasgow "Pavilion," and to the visits now in contemplation to other similar places, let us explain that in all such cases we expect a substantial contribution to one of the Human Document or War Funds with which we are associated. If we are to be classed as a "star turn," we cannot let the proprietors pocket all the profit. By the way, what a splendid meeting we had at the Walthamstow Baths—afterwards being most hospitably entertained at the Conservative Club opposite. Whatever has induced Sir John Simon to leave such a splendid constituency? But "it's an ill-wind," etc.—and Mr. Stanley Johnson is very happy.

### A Judicial Rumour.

Gossip is rife in legal circles respecting the impending elevation to the Bench of Mr. Ellis Griffith—who recently resigned the Parliamentary Secretaryship to the Home Office. We decline to believe in the possibility of such a scandalous piece of jobbery. If the man *must* have something, a County Court judgeship would more than meet the case.

### Good News for Tommy and Jack.

The daring of our latest free Insurance Gift has taken the public's breath away. Having inaugurated a plan making provision for civilian sufferers from any cause incidental to the war, we last week announced our intention of presenting £10 to every dependent of a sailor or soldier killed on active service, subject only to his, or her, name and address being registered by means of a coupon which will be found on page 22 of this issue. Our object is to afford immediate financial relief whilst Government departments are thinking and writing about it. Never was the motto "He gives twice who gives quickly" more appropriate than in the case of sudden bereavement in war time. And we give both quickly and willingly.

### Every Woman.

At last we really *have* the right thing in the way of a woman's paper. Have you seen it—*Everywoman's Weekly*? It is the daintiest and cleanest little journal on the bookstalls. Oblige us, please, by looking at it, and be sure to give your sweetheart and your sister a copy each—and there will be no more awkward pauses or forced conversation when they meet in future.

### Inter-Regimental Boxing.

Have you ever seen an inter-regimental boxing competition? It is the most exhilarating thing in the world. For two nights last week we were present at Plymouth, and at the close of the function had the pleasure of presenting JOHN BULL Cups and medals to the winners in the various classes. We also "took the ring" each evening and worked in a bit of recruiting. Of course, the ever-popular 'Gene Corri was there as referee, and he tells us that the way we hopped through the ropes was worthy of a professional heavy weight! But 'Gene *will* have his joke.

### State Parsimony.

One of the recruiting advertisements now appearing in the press relates to the increased separation allowances "from March 15th," and to the separation allowance payable for children "as from February 1st." Why on earth cannot these allowances be made retrospective as from the commencement of the war? In other words, why should the men who answered the call the moment they heard it be in a worse position than they who came in after seven months' fighting?

**Result of our Football Competition. See page 34.**

**Rockferry! Present!! Fi-r-r-e!!!**

The Committee of the Rockferry branch of the Birkenhead and District Volunteer Training Corps have "decided that the company be equipped with a dummy rifle for drilling purposes, weighed and balanced similarly to the Service rifle," price 9s. 6d., the said dummy to become the purchaser's own property. When they read at the bottom of the Committee's notification the red ink announcement, "We must be prepared for a sudden raid," the company will assuredly rejoice that this deadly weapon is for drilling and not for shooting purposes, though it is possibly well worth the price, for in case of a sudden raid they are quite at liberty, providing the Germans do not get in first, to hit 'em on the head with the butt. It has another advantage—that if the raid is postponed on account of the weather, or other intervention of Providence, members may use it as a walking-stick on Sundays and other holy days when they are not training for the fray. Likewise it can be jewelled in four holes and made an heirloom in the family; and when at some distant day little Johnny inquires of his revered parent, "Papa, dear, what would grandpapa have fought the wicked Germans with if they had come?" papa will be able to point proudly to the umbrella stand or the glass case above the hall door, and answer in accents which will thrill little Johnny to the marrow, "With that, my son—with that." So stand steady, men of Rockferry. Ready! Present!! Fi-r-r-e!!!

**Helping Tommy Again.**

In our issue of February 27th, we called attention to an Order issued by Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Chichester, commanding the 14th (S.) Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, levying a charge of 1s. a head per month upon the men in respect of "camp damages," and asked by what authority such Order was being enforced, in view of the fact that barrack and camp damage charges were abolished years ago. We have now heard from the Secretary of the War Office to the effect that "there appears to have been some misunderstanding with regard to the Regulations on the subject, and that the Order in question has been withdrawn"—and thanking us for calling attention to the matter. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

**"Business is Business."**

The *Melbourne Age* seems to be hammering-out our Business Government idea for Australia as hard as we are hammering it out for our own land. "There is plenty of room, therefore, for statesmanship of the first quality," it says in the course of a leading article, "and in order to get this we need to abrogate once and for all the most detestable of political superstitions—Party Government. Once fairly rid of this misshapen monster we may hope to see the best minds of the country intent on shaping the country's means to the highest purposes rather than to distort and frustrate the minds of others." Thus said is well said.

**The P. M. G. Again.**

There is this to be said for the Postmaster-General—he treats Jack Tar with precisely similar cussedness as he treats Tommy Atkins. "Sir," writes J. Greer, Asst. Controller from G. P. O., Mount Pleasant, to the sender of a parcel, "I am directed to inform you that a parcel addressed to —, of which you appear to be the sender, is prepaid 5d., but as the ship is now in foreign waters a further sum of 7d. is required, and you will perhaps be good enough to affix stamps to that amount to this form, which should be returned in the enclosed cover." The P. M. G. is always illuminating when he speaks for himself.

**Visiting the Sins of the Father.**

The Invalid Children's Aid Association ought to take unto themselves a new name, more in keeping with their puritanical inquisitorialness. It was recently disclosed before the Wandsworth Board of Guardians that application had been made to the Association for a surgical boot and splint for a little crippled girl. Instead of satisfying themselves that the child needed the instruments, and promptly living up to their charitable pretensions, the Association conducted an investigation into the moral character of the child's father, and discovered a horrid spot in it. It appeared that many years ago he had omitted to enter into the bonds of matrimony before bringing a child into the world. It counted as nothing to the Association that he had subsequently married the mother. The father had slipped, and, so far as the Association were concerned, his crippled child could go through life limping as a punishment for his fault. A soldier of twelve years' service, who had been invalided out of the Army with an excellent character, may have seemed to the Association a fitting recipient for their pharasaical slur, but the physical deformity of his child might well have stirred their pity. We are glad to say that the Wandsworth Guardians read their duty differently, and provided the little cripple with the surgical appliances she needed. Oh, Charity, what sins are committed in thy name!

**Slapping it On!**

The Stepney Master Hairdressers' Association have made an announcement which must have filled the costermonger fraternity with consternation. It is to the effect that, owing to the increased cost of living, it has been found necessary to put up the price of easy shaving from three ha'pence to tuppence, and of thatch-trimming from three-pence to four-pence. This constitutes a menace to the health of the community, for it will inevitably mean more whiskers in Stepney. A ha'penny is a ha'penny these hard times. It is bad enough on the beer; but to place a ha'penny premium on facial cleanliness is the outside edge. The precise reasons for these enhanced charges are not made quite clear. We were not aware that soap had taken a striking upward bound, or that the price of spray and powder was hardening. However, the Stepney Master Hairdressers' Association doubtless know their own business best; but whether their increased charges will compensate them for a falling off in customers, we venture to doubt. It may mean more blue chins in Stepney.

**Female Learners.**

Our "flappers" will have to be careful if they would pass the Civil Service examination for Female Learners. The *Civil Service Candidate* tells us that the limits of age for this situation are 14 and 17. The limits of age for candidates at Open Competitive Examinations held after April 1st will be 14 and 16. Candidates will be required to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners that they are unmarried or widows. We think it would make the situation safer if they insisted on proof that the flappers were not also grandmothers.

**A Reasonable Request.**

A deputation from the sick and wounded soldiers in King's College Hospital have approached us with the complaint that on visiting days one friend only at a time is admitted, the remainder waiting out in the cold. Probably the authorities do not wish to have the wards crowded; but it seems to us that the rule might be altered, or some shelter provided for the waiting queue, most of whom have come long distances to visit their stricken friends and relatives.

**Big increase in "Bullets" prizes this week. See great new offer. Page 36.**

**"Cutties" at the Front.**

Anything we can do to oblige a British soldier affords us great pleasure, wherefore when a gentleman of the British Expeditionary Force in France "respectfully requests" us to allow him space to mention that a parcel containing four ha'penny clay pipes, which he received from home a few days ago, bore one shilling postage on the wrapper, we shall not think of refusing. We must, nevertheless, point out to Mr. Atkins that this is apparently the Postmaster-General's usual charge for parcels of the kind, dispatched by friends and relatives to fighting forces in France. The object of his Excellency is to assist recruiting; he would charge 1s. 6d., but he wishes the troops to appreciate his restraint. After all, France is a long way off, and without special care four ha'penny clays, being fragile, might easily be torpedoed in crossing the rolling waves. The Press Bureau permits the statement, if we care to make it, that for cotton-wool alone the transit of the parcel costs the Postmaster-General as much as elevenpence three farthings.

**Pianos and Patriotism.**

With reference to our recent paragraph in regard to the British Hammer and Woodworking Company, we are informed that Mr. Voss, described as Managing-Director, has been dead for some considerable time, the present occupant of that office being Mr. Quitman—by far the largest shareholder, holding 1,072 shares out of a total issue of 1,252. Mr. Quitman was born in this country, and is, therefore, of British nationality. The only other person holding more than a single share is Mr. H. R. Kirchbaum, who possesses 174; he, although of German birth, has been resident here during the greater part of his business life, but ceased to be a director eighteen months ago. It will thus be seen that Mr. Quitman is practically the proprietor of the business, and we are, therefore, glad to be able to say that the concern may fairly be considered as a British one, and are pleased to correct any impression which may have been created to the contrary.

**"P.R.B.—52."**

A soldier home, wounded, and now in hospital, informs us that while at the Front a captain (he thinks the officer was a captain) was killed near him at a farmstead, his body being put into an outbuilding for burial during a lull in the fighting. Subsequently the Germans set fire to the building and the body was burned to ashes. The following morning our correspondent picked up a whistle and silver cigarette case. "The case was black, so when I came to Scotland," he says, "I sent it to a jeweller to have it cleaned, and now I find these initials—P.R.B. 52. He was one of the Oxford and Bucks Regiment. Perhaps some relative or other would like to have the case, and for my part I think I do right in trying to find him." If any relative of "P. R. B." chances to be a reader of JOHN BULL, perhaps he or she will communicate with us.

**Hilarious Hogge.**

It appears that the Hilarious Hogge has once again had his little joke, by suggesting that a house in the country may be rented for two shillings a week. He must have been thinking of Donington Hall. An Old Soldier asks us to pass on to "Joyful Jimmie" an invitation to build a few houses to let at the figure—but he forgets that the Hilarious One has other work to do, as the flat-racing season starts soon. The Old Soldier is also wroth because the Anti-Gambler has declared that three children can live on nine shillings, and an adult on five, and suggests that the Hilarious should be sent to the Front, and his wife and kiddies put on separation allowance. We must talk the matter over with our new co-proprietor, Mr. Gulland!

**So Says a Lady.**

A suffragist lady takes us to task concerning our attitude towards the "four fussy females" of Streatham, who recently circularised the inhabitants thereabouts to warn their servants beware of convalescent Belgian soldiers. Writing from Bromley, in Kent, this is what she says:—"In your earnest desire to help the right and expose the wrong it grieves me to see how lightly you treat the doings of soldiers billeted in so many formerly quiet towns; you cannot possibly realise the horrors soon to be accomplished. According to accounts, hundreds of unwanted children are coming, and as they belong to women who have to work for their living, what can they do with a child? People at Chelmsford tell a tale of woe. . . . These men may never come back, but what of those who wait and weep?" We have never denied that these things occur. What we say is that fussy females and pinchbeck puritans exaggerate, distort, and hystericise the facts. We believe that in the mass the men in khaki are just as decent, just as sober, and just as moral as they were out of it; also that the women and girls who are to become mothers, owing to their relations with men in khaki, would have become mothers just the same if the men had been out of khaki. Where truth is, we do not deny that the truth may be sad and bad; but it is a scandalous thing that our soldiers as a whole should be slandered and libelled by organisations of female patrols, hypochondriacal puritans, and teetotal bigots.

**English via Holland.**

One of our readers has so thoroughly enjoyed a circular sent out by a firm of bulb growers in Holland that he thinks the rest of them ought to share his entertainment. "Last year," it says, "one of our firm have been Penonly at you house to beg you for an order and to leave you one of our Catalogue. This year we are so free to send you one by post. We hope you will take notes of the sorthe and prices. . . if we have not served you befor try once an exemple . . . and we can be sure you come every year again. Hoping to recive. . . ." We admit it is not difficult to smile at some English as she is writ by some foreigners, but it is also not difficult to roar at some Foreign as she is writ by some Englishmen. Many a foreigner has had a good laugh at our attempts to translate British business circulars into his own language, so that the fun is not all on one side. Our Dutch friends will therefore please note that, living as we do in a glass house, it is very far from our intention to shy bricks.

**King Coal and His Profits.**

*Malgré* all the dithyrambic sophistications, evasions, and denials, we are thoroughly convinced that, King Coal as a whole is making enormously inflated war profits by the exploitation of the public necessities. This being the case, what we have to say is that, if the black monarch does not bring his prices down, his taxes ought to go up. A special tax on war profits, now brought into the purview of Mr. Lloyd George's coming Budget, will perhaps teach him the lesson that when there are any bones to pick it is just as well now and again to leave one or two for the bottom dog.

**Remember Tommy and Jack.**

Every reader who has a relative or friend in the Army or Navy should secure for him one of our mammoth-value parcels of comforts and health necessities, particulars of which will be found on page 23. Others can "do their bit" by forwarding subscriptions, great or small, for the purchase of these cheering gifts for our fighting men.

**The Cry is "Still they Come!"**

And amongst them is Sir Algernon F. Firth, Bt., President of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom. Opening the fifty-fifth annual meeting of the Association the other day, he said: "This war will work many changes, and the altered outlook called for the earnest thought of all men of vision. *There is need for a great national Party, which should include the best men of all present parties, and which should address itself to the obliteration of present divisions* and the establishment of a new Imperial Parliament without limiting the power of self-government of each unit." There we have it from one who should know—a man of business, presiding over a gathering representative of the business community throughout the Kingdom. The positions so stubbornly held by Party politicians are being slowly but surely sapped and mined by the ever-growing army of Business Government advocates. They cannot hang on much longer, though isolated little "Port Arthurs" may still hold out for a while. To paraphrase John Bright, the Business Government idea is abroad throughout the land—one can already sense the blessings that it brings.

**Trade Union "Frightfulness."**

The methods of the bully do not appear to be solely the prerogative of the gentle Hun. The Secretary of the Castleford Branch of the Associated Union of Co-operative Employees, a Mr. Wm. Howell, does not disdain them. We have before us one of his polite missives, addressed in this case to a lady: "To Miss—I wish to inform you to the effect that a Resolution as (*sic*) been passed against Non-Union Employees of this Society, and that you must Join the AUCE and return Form Enclosed (filled in) to me within seven days from receiving this notice, to prevent any further action being taken.—Yours Truly, WM. HOWELL, Brh. Sec." May we suggest that a resolution be passed by the Castleford Branch suggesting the advisability of Mr. Wm. Howell adopting a little more courteous mode of expression, and exercising a little more discretion in the use of the word "must"? And this bullying and terrorising in war time, too!

**Safer in Gaol.**

At the Barmouth Police Court a young German named Leopold Bissenger was recently charged with failure to register as an alien. In the course of the hearing it transpired that the accused had resided in Paris and Brussels, was an accomplished linguist, and apparently well qualified in every respect to perform the duties of a spy. To make matters worse, he had studiously concealed his nationality and systematically lied to the police. In these circumstances the Magistrates would have been well advised to impose an exemplary penalty, but they let the culprit off with a fine of £10, which was, of course, at once forthcoming. It seems that at the conclusion of the case the local reporters "were informed that Bissenger would be removed to a concentration camp." We should like some further assurance upon this point.

**The Postman's Privilege.**

Many complaints reach us from Kitchener's Army and Territorials who are billeted in country districts, that their letters are not delivered in the ordinary manner by the postal authorities—the men having to call for them at some regimental institute. This may seem a frivolous complaint, but when we consider that some of these men are billeted in farmhouses, miles away from headquarters, we think they have cause to growl. If there is a shortage of postmen, why not employ postwomen? Tommy won't object.

**Stock Exchange Prices.**

At last the Treasury have consented to a reduction in the minimum prices fixed for dealings on the Stock Exchange—Consols, for instance, being lowered from 68½ to 66½. On some other stocks, such as Indian Railway securities, the reduction amounts to as much as 5 or 6 per cent. Even these concessions, however, do not go nearly far enough, as it is impossible to deal in any fairly large line of Consols over about 63½, and there is a tremendous mass of Colonial issues that are now, and have been for years, grossly overvalued. No further revision of prices is to be allowed for three months, and the grievance remains that a stock will be kept at the same price when it is "ex. div." as it was "cum. div." Nothing more topsy-turvy could be imagined even in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and it is almost incredible that the Government, which has done a lot of really good work, should perpetuate such a piece of stupidity. But there is an even greater grievance than this. Apart from estates which have to be valued for probate purposes on an absolutely fictitious basis, what must be the feelings of an inexperienced investor who bought Consols, say, one day, and next day finds his capital reduced by 2 per cent. by a stroke of the pen? The whole position is preposterous, and it makes the matter worse when it becomes evident that the "Money Trust," which for all practical purposes exists owing to the domination of the big banks, is really responsible for such a chaotic state of affairs.

**Magistracy at Dursley.**

There is a Shylockian aspect of magistracy about Messrs. Baines and Bloodworth, petty sessional Justices of Dursley, which it is impossible to admire. They had to consider the charge against a labourer named Younger, that he was 22 weeks in arrear on an order to pay 1s. a week towards the maintenance of his son in an industrial school. His other son, "half the mainstay of his home," had joined the Colours. His wife was "at the point of death," and a child was lying dead in his house. Notwithstanding that his wage was 18s. a week, and "there was not ninepence left when he had paid all," Messrs. Baines and Bloodworth made an order for him to pay the arrears "in default of which there would be distress or imprisonment." Not one word of sympathy! Not one expression of regret! He must pay, whether he could or not; and as neither Justices, nor policemen, nor bailiffs can get blood out of a stone, it looks as though he would have to realise on his sticks or go to gaol, which, with a wife dying and a child dead in the house, presents an alternative we are confident neither Mr. Baines, J.P., nor Mr. Bloodworth, J.P., would himself care to choose in similar circumstances.

**"Our Solemn Warning."**

Not long ago we suggested that the Government should employ every available means for increasing the acreage of arable land in the country. Private efforts towards the same end are worthy of every encouragement, and we regret that certain landowners are apparently blind to the importance of our contention. At Almondbury (Yorks) the local farmers lately desired permission to sow grass land with corn. To obtain the necessary sanction they approached the agent of Sir John Ramsden, Bart., the owner of the lands in question, only to be met with a blank refusal. Their plea that the course proposed would subserve the national interest was apparently deemed unworthy of consideration. The farmers have now invited the Board of Agriculture to intervene, and we shall await the result with interest, if without much hope. We doubt if the Government is yet alive to the urgency which at any moment may overtake the question of food supply.

**"Bullets" still at the front—the biggest prize offer of any paper. See page 36.**

## BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

(A page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer).

To join the brigade mobilised by Mr. Horatio Bottomley for the injection of business ability into the brain-pans of the managing directors of the British Empire, is an honour. The best diplomatist, administrator and ruler is always the best man of business—not a lawyer who may ruin an Empire according to regulations, but cannot make his own will.

The one English Ambassador who laid Bismarck by the heels was an old man who roared like a bull, had the temper of a fiend, and doubted the honesty of any Briton who spoke French without the English accent. He relied on sheer business capacity for carrying through any matter in hand. No British proverb is more quoted on the Continent, from Petrograd to Lisbon, than "Business is Business." Yet our Government, up to the 4th August, 1914, was the most unbusiness-like Government in existence on this side of Jupiter.

Germany also was unbusiness-like. Her magnificent espionage system omitted to notice the middle classes who govern, direct, administer or practise nine-tenths of the businesses and professions in the British Empire. Wilhelm studied the scum of Britain—paying little attention to aught else. Less than one-tenth of the directing ability of the United Kingdom has governed this country for a long, long time. Until recently, notwithstanding Mr. Bottomley's campaign for a Business Government, the country has been lawyer-ridden. The usurping lawyers were backed by a kept press, which concealed facts essential to the safety of the nation, for the same reason as a mother peewit diverts the attention of passers-by from her brood of nestlings.

The British have been plundered and brought to the brink of ruin by the lawyers. Both sides in politics are equally guilty. Sir David Brynmor Jones, K.C., M.P., for instance, has been made Master in Lunacy at £2,000 a year with a pension. I can discover no reason why Sir Brynmor Jones should have been selected for this position, except the national lunacy that has enabled his legal trade union to capture every post with important emoluments and to destroy the representative system that has served us well in the past. Sir David Brynmor Jones is sixty-three years old; he has edited "The Divine Order and other Sermons," by his father. He has taken a leading part in the disendowment of the Church in Wales. But why a Master in Lunacy? Cause and effect?

Political service. Reward by a Party. Pay from taxpayers. Mr. Ellis Jones Griffith, it is said, is shortly to be elevated to the Bench, not for his services to the nation, but for services to his Party. Almost every year some member who has voted for his party—right or wrong—is appointed Judge at £5,000 a year and a pension on his retirement. Mr. J. B. Gulland, M.P., is paid £2,000 a year by the country, presumably to continue the practice of some of his predecessors by choosing pushful aliens for peerages, baronetcies and Privy Councillorships, provided their useful contributions to Party funds are of the proper size.

Why should the taxpayer, about to pay five shillings in the pound, be forced to pay £2,000 a year to collect money for a political Party and round up the hirelings who have sold their souls and their country's welfare for eight pounds a week? Lord Haldane drew £5,000 a year for his services to Queen Victoria's grandson,

who wanted Windsor as a country house and Westminster Abbey for his crowning, and will not be happy till he gets them. When this Scotch-German barrister had messed up the Army to such an extent that he foresaw the shadow of Kitchener (the business man) approaching, he displaced another Scotch lawyer from his £10,000 a year job and jumped on to the Woolsack. Under our present system there is nothing to prevent all the legal members of the Cabinet from taking a joy-ride on the Woolsack and providing themselves with £5,000 a year for life, provided the British, sickened with lawyers, do not tell them to get out. Between December, 1905, and March, 1915, £140,000 has been paid to two Scotch lawyers. Lord Halsbury, a good lawyer, has relieved us of £235,000 in pay and pension. Lord Loreburn has relieved us of £78,750. Lord Haldane, since December 5th, 1905, has received £60,000. Five nobleman lawyers have drawn £508,000 since 6th February, 1886. Is this business?

We do not get value for our money. The patronage and pickings of the above-named are worth another half a million. Lawyers have turned the House of Commons into a body of uncivil servants, incompetent to administer national affairs, who pass Acts of Parliament which are gold mines to the members of the strongest trade union in the world. No ecclesiastics, whether priests, bishops or popes, in the Dark Ages ever succeeded in plundering Italy, Spain, France and Austria as the lawyers have plundered Britain. They have lost us our control of the Executive and do not understand, because they do not want to understand, our national affairs.

As lawyers are now fearsome for the safety of their plunder, they have permitted Britain to maintain a Navy, though the loss of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* was due to the truckling of lawyers to the fools of the country. On the whole, our naval strategy is sound. The Navy has not banged its head against the stone wall of the Frisian coast. There has been no hesitation to send troops across the Channel, as the lawyers desired when Lord Haldane was sent to Berlin or insisted on going,—I know not which—to be bamboozled by the greatest cad who ever sat on any throne. The Dardanelles expedition is a real point of effort. That gong will sound in Bagdad, Tokio and Peking.

The five rules of business are as follows:—

1. Every paid servant of the public, whether Minister or messenger, should be appointed because he is the best man for the job. Nepotism in a billiard match, or in the selection of incompetent jockeys retained to ride a big race, is lunacy. Why should nepotism and jobbery be the perquisites of our lawyer masters? The business of ruling is to expand trade and administer cheaply; to spend wisely and to win wars when the country is attacked. Under our present system, a Cabinet minister may be, and often is, a fool in administration, and, as Disraeli said, "a lunatic in opposition."

2. The second axiom of business is that every man entrusted with responsibility should be trained, inspected and passed as competent before he is allowed to take up his duties. Public servants are not inspected by independent authority because the House of Commons has gone out of business, and the press is muzzled.

3. The third rule is that everyone should be fairly remunerated for his labour.

4. Every State servant should have his duties defined.

5. Vigilant supervision should exist from top to bottom of the official hierarchy.

None of these rules was observed in time of peace—and, under our present Party system, never is.

# THE ART OF RECRUITING.

## WHY POLITICIANS FAIL—HOW TO MAKE PATRIOTS.

When, at the beginning of the war, the Government proposed to form a Recruiting Committee, we at once offered our services in the capacity of honorary Organising Secretary. As poor Fragon used to sing, "They received us most politely"—but, in the end, decided to leave the whole thing in the hands of the various Party Whips—and to call it the *Parliamentary* Recruiting Committee. And that settled it. Party Whips have no use for us—nor we for them; but we wished them well, and awaited developments. The campaign started with a few speeches by the "leaders"—addressed, mostly, to middle-aged, silk-hatted gentlemen, and in every case to ticket meetings. But, for a start, that did not matter. The speeches were well reported, and we hope they did good—although our experience is that for spoken word to be effective, it must be followed up before the charm of its vibrations has melted from the mind. Still, we recognise that in some of the addresses—such, for instance, as the Guildhall and Queen's Hall orations of the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George—there is a ring of life which has survived their oral delivery, and they are well calculated to appeal to the heart of the patriot. But there's the rub; unless he is a patriot, he will not read them—and *he* doesn't require their stimulus.

### MAKING PATRIOTS.

The first point is that you must *make* patriots. And the very best method of doing so is to attract the ordinary man in the Street, out of it—and into the Hall. Just as elsewhere we have said that there is a latent divinity in every human being, so, too, is there a latent patriotism; indeed, patriotism—the love of country—is the upper stratum of the soul; but that is a big question, with which we will deal on another occasion. And having got him inside, the rest is easy—provided that you have the right kind of speaker! But we are going too fast. How *are* you to get him inside? Well, that all depends upon the character of the district. In one place, a good musical programme, and in another a good boxing contest is the thing; and then there are the theatre and the music hall. But one condition is imperative. *You must not lecture your man.* The moment he sees a sheaf of notes in your hand and a glass of water at your side, and you begin to cough and clear your throat, the trouble has begun. He doesn't care for dates—and he loathes figures; and if you venture to read him what somebody or the other once said—well, you have "done it." What he wants is just a plain homely talk about the situation; of how the war was forced on us; of how, unlike all other nations, we rely upon the old martial spirit of the race to give us all the soldiers we require; of how the grand old British navy is sailing triumphant over the waters of the earth with the Trident of Neptune in its grasp; of the contrast with the bragging German fleet—which

once prayed for "The Day"—hiding up the Kiel Canal, and sneaking out only by night to murder women and children and peaceful merchantmen—and even refugees and wounded; of the atrocities of Belgium and of Northern France; of the glorious deeds of our "contemptible little army"—so full of contempt for the enemy; of what defeat would mean to us, and, on the other hand, of the fruits of victory—better times all round, with full employment and good wages, and fifty millions a year liberated for the service of the young, the old, the infirm and the destitute; of the splendid rally to the flag of our Empire's sons in every quarter of the earth; of the choice between free, enlightened government, by the will of the people, and the despotic system of military power, with blood and iron as its instruments of rule, and then tell him that his brothers in the trenches are calling him to their aid, so that the moment the weather improves the Germans may be driven out of their holes and chased through Flanders and Belgium over the Rhine, whilst our wonderful new siege guns follow up to annihilate their fortresses and hurl their defeated and demoralised forces into Berlin. Tell him all these things—and you have made a patriot. But talk ponderous political platitudes, and you leave him unmoved.

### POLITICAL RECRUITING.

And this is where the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee have failed. Its members have lacked the human touch. They hold the man in the street too cheaply. They forget what they are asking of him; they forget that he values his life and loves his family and his home as much as they do theirs. They also underrate his intelligence. What is the good, for instance, of telling him that the Germans are at Ostend, and that Ostend is nearer to London than is Manchester—and then asking what he would do if they were in Lancashire! He knows that this is merely pulling his leg—for he *has* heard of the English Channel and of the British Navy. And it is no use either talking to him about the protection of little States. He is very sorry for Belgium and for Luxembourg, but is not prepared to risk his life to avenge their violation. Besides, he knows that the invasion of Belgium was the pretext and not the cause of the war. And he doesn't care a fig about the murder of the Austrian Archduke in the streets of Sarajevo. Truth to tell, he is more interested at the moment in the mystery attaching to the deaths of those brides in their baths. But make him understand that the Kaiser means to invade our shores, to capture our trade and to steal our Empire—and you've got him.

Professional politicians do not grasp these things. All that they can do is to stump the country with copy-book maxims, and with unconscious humour assure their audiences that the voice of Party strife is for the moment silenced, and that they who but yesterday were denouncing each other as traitors

to King and Country are temporarily united in a bond of brotherly love—*fill the war is over*. It never occurs to the dear creatures that the man in the Street is wondering why none of them foresaw the trouble, or, if he did, took no steps to either avert or be prepared for it. He also marvels why it is that in the greatest crisis of our country, Parliament is always adjourning, and he asks himself what he is paying his M.P. £400 a year for. The result is that the political recruiter is a dismal failure. The theatres and the music halls have already turned him down—and public meetings won't have him. Take the recent case of Battersea. A list of names was sent to the Mayor—and returned with thanks, with a request for a more "live" lot. But nothing better was forthcoming—and in the end the Borough Council appealed to us to come to their rescue—with the result that, in the words of an official letter of thanks, we held "the most successful town's meeting in the history of Battersea." On the other hand, night after night, melancholy M.P.s are talking in half empty schoolrooms about Belgium's neutrality, the treaty of 1839, the Napoleonic and Franco-Prussian wars, and other class-room subjects; and try as they may, they *cannot* keep Party altogether out of their speeches. Here is a familiar instance. If the speaker is a Tory he is sure to work something in about the new Scale of Allowances and Pensions for our soldiers, "secured for them by Mr. Bonar Law's Committee"; whilst the Liberal M.P. will always speak of "the generous provision of the Government." And so the game goes on. And they wonder they don't get recruits.

#### BUSINESS RECRUITING.

In plain language, it is no use treating the man in the street as a fool. For years past he has paid his rates and taxes—either directly or through his rent and wages—on the understanding that our Navy is sufficient for all purposes of national safety, and that military service was no part of the British citizen's duty. And though his breast heaves with pride of country when the menace is explained, he goes home and talks things over with the missus, or his sweetheart, or his parents, and in the end comes to the conclusion that the job he is asked to undertake justifies good wages. He recalls little paragraphs in his Sunday paper about Crimean and other veterans dying in the workhouse, and he remembers some of his pals who lost a limb in the South African War and on their return were left stranded in a cold and callous world. And then he recollects something about a War Loan of £350,000,000, and a few other things—and wonders where he and his "come in," if he throws up his job and risks—and perhaps sacrifices—his life for his country. True, he does not talk of these things in public; he rarely mentions them to his mates in the shop. After all, they are family matters, and he is a little shy of discussing them beyond his own threshold. But they are ever present to his mind, and the recruiter who ignores them doesn't know the A B C of his business. The difficulty, however, is to deal with them without giving offence. Jones, Smith, Brown and Robinson object to be bought; and the thing is to make it plain to them that the bargain between the nation and the soldier

is one of mutual obligation and dignity—with the preponderance of debt and gratitude always resting on the State. It cannot be made too clear that so long as the peace and civilisation of the world rest, in the last resort, upon force of arms, the only man who really matters is he who can shoulder, or work, a gun. Of course Tommy and Jack are fully aware of the fact—but they like to be reminded occasionally of it. Until the war, we had almost forgotten it.

#### THE LARGER VIEW.

All these, however, are personal considerations. Neither patriotism nor pocket—either alone or in combination—will suffice to get the army we require. We must direct the vision of the people deep down into the hidden meaning of the wondrous days in which we are living. In the words of our own war verses, we must say, "For this is more than a war, mate—It's a call to the human race." The greatness of the thing must be driven home, and from this point of view, the figures of its stupendous cost and dimensions, in money, men and material—staggering as they are—constitute but a minor consideration. If you are to rouse the ordinary, peaceable civilian from his chronic lethargy, you must get at the very inside of his being—always remembering that for generations the Britisher has been taught to regard fighting as a profession with which he has no personal concern. And now he is asked to put everything else on one side—home, family, business, pleasure—and become part of a great military machine. Wherefore it is vital that he should be made to comprehend what it is that he is expected to fight—and perhaps even to die—for. You must help him to pierce the veil of horror which at present shrouds the realities of the situation, and to fathom the true meaning of the mighty events which are slowly—but ever less slowly—moving to their appointed goal. Explain to him that it is his soul which is at stake—for, as I have said elsewhere, this is a fight between the Demon of Despotism and the Deity of Destiny for the conquest of the souls of mankind. The legions of Heaven are thundering against the gates of Hell, and unless each of us, according to his opportunity and capacity, ranges himself under the banner of Right, we and our Empire will surely die—and we shall be one with Nineveh and Tyre. The irruption of the German hordes into France and Belgium, you must make clear, was something more than an event of stupendous political moment; it was an act of deep spiritual significance. It was an onslaught of the Furies—Hate, Envy, Greed, Cruelty, Lust—an assault on the frontiers of civilisation. For if the war means only a conflict between Britain and her Allies on the one hand and Germany and hers on the other, we shall appeal in vain to the spirit of the nation. But if it means, as in our inmost heart we feel it does, a great test by the God of All for the better fitness of the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic race for leadership in the march of human destiny—and if this great moral can be brought home to the understanding of a people rich in glorious history and proud in martial fame, then the task of the recruiter is rendered easier and his voice, if sincere, is seldom raised in vain.

# WORKERS—TRUST KITCHENER!

PLAIN WORDS WITH THE WORKERS—THEIR WRONGS AND THE REMEDY.

BY A. G. HALES.

Workmen of Great Britain, no matter who counsels you, *you* must not strike—you are damned if you do; our enemy is damned if you don't. Few men have followed the evolution of Trade Unionism with more sympathetic interest than myself. I have watched your progress, not only here, but in every Colony and Dependency of the British Crown; you have often been maligned, slandered and misrepresented by your enemies. The eyes of the whole civilised world are upon you now. Never in the history of labour, skilled and unskilled, has there been such a golden opportunity for workmen to prove to the world that real patriotism stands higher than all else with the men who toil for daily bread. The gods have flung wide the gates of progress for you in this hour that reeks of war and bloodshed; no hands but your own can close those gates, and if you are guilty of such criminal folly, a hundred years will come and go before Labour will rank as high as it did the week before the war.

You have grievances; no man fair-minded in civil or military life will attempt to deny that you as members of the community have been exploited by gold-bugs, and overlooked by the Government of the day. But it does not justify you in jeopardising the welfare of the nation, the honour of the army and navy, and the lives of our soldiers and sailors. Only traitors and cowards would dare to claim that your unquestioned wrongs justify you in a course of procedure that may place us at the mercy of the foe who is even now only just across the narrow seas—so close, indeed, to our own coasts that should our soldiers fall short of ammunition through any criminal slackness on your part, and be compelled to fall back a short forty miles, the enemy, in possession of siege guns of hitherto undreamed of range and calibre, would be able to bombard the towns on our coast.

## YOUR WRONGS.

Let us look coldly and dispassionately at your wrongs and grievances, and see the facts as the historians of the future will see and chronicle them. Firstly, the price of your bread was raised, not through want of supplies, but through the machinations of a body of speculators who sought, and successfully sought, to exploit your needs, assisted by the exigencies of war. This is a fact; it is also a fact that the Government did not step in, as it should have done, to prevent the exploitation of the people. Had our ministers taken up a strong position then, and strangled the efforts of the speculative parasites, the Government to-day would be able to speak with a clarion voice to Labour, saying, "We prevented you from being victimised; we demand that you stand by the nation now," and the nation would have responded as one man. Once again, you were victimised when the coal ring raised the price of fuel in every city, town and hamlet in Great Britain. There is not at this present moment, there never has been since the outbreak of war, sufficient justification for the abnormal price of domestic fuel, which has pressed so heavily upon you all as family men. In plain, unvarnished language, just as the wheat sharps pinched your bellies with unholy prices, so the coal merchants starved your bodies in mid-winter by putting a prohibitive price upon coal wherewith homes are warmed. Both the wheat merchant and the coal "crook"—for a "crook" he is who battens upon the absolute needs of his fellow man and woman—did *you* a wrong, a contemptible, despicable, undefendable wrong. But, working

men of Great Britain, that does not give you the excuse to sink to the level of these high-placed harpies; it does not give you the right to play the part of traitors to your country in her hour of need. Do you wish it to be said in the future, and said with truth, that *you*, the manhood of the nation, could sink as low as these vultures who wax fat upon the necessities of their neighbours? I had thought and hoped you were made of greater, grander stuff than that. Let us pass on, for I want to view fairly what I believe to be your just grievances. The shipping "rings" did not delay an hour after the promulgation of the war notice to take advantage of the situation. To their everlasting shame, be it said, they raised freights wickedly, knowing well the hardships their action would inflict upon the general populace—a populace that for a generation past has paid without a murmur for the construction and the upkeep of a fleet for the protection of merchant shipping. These are three salient points, as I see them, which have brought the British working man's present grievances into active operation—the wheat thief, the coal "crook," and the shipping sharp. They are people who, by raising the prices of the commodities of life, have made the working-man's sovereign worth only fourteen shillings in the purchasing markets of towns and cities. So far the labourer, the artisan, the clerk, the small shopkeeper have a just and unquestioned grievance. They have been wronged, robbed and cozened, and their wages and salaries should unquestionably have risen on the same flood-tide that raised the prices of household necessities above the high water mark. Wages did not rise, and labour is exasperated, and justly exasperated; but to talk of striking, with the bayonets of our gigantic enemy threatening us, only a few miles inland, on the coasts of Europe, just across the narrow waterway from Dover, is not folly—it is a crime of unmeasurable magnitude, which, if persisted in, will spell the death of Trade Unionism for generations to come. There are men at work engineering trouble—men who work like rats in a drain and do not show themselves until there are spoils to be picked up.

## YOUR REMEDY.

They would sooner open the gates to the enemy than forego their chance of self-aggrandisement. Every man who uses the word "strike" now is a friend of the Kaiser's and a foe to Britain. I think there is one man in this realm strong enough, fair enough, honest enough to grapple with the situation successfully—the man who succeeded where everyone else failed in Egypt; the man who turned disaster into victory in Africa; the man who prevented war between France and Britain when handling the Fashoda incident—Kitchener of Khartoum. My advice—and it is the advice of a friend of Labour—is: Crystallise all your legitimate grievances into concrete form, send them to Kitchener by an envoy of Labour, and ask the man of Khartoum to judge between you and your employers. He will hold the balance level; he wants *you*, and if you only knew it, you want him as you have never wanted a man in all your history. I am no tuft hunter or toady. I believe that one strong man could settle your grievances in half a day; and he is strong. It is the place-seekers, the wire-pullers and underground engineers who are making all the trouble. Workmen of Great Britain, write Common-sense upon your banners; let Kitchener, the greatest exponent of Common-sense in power, arbitrate on your troubles. Don't strike.

**SOCIALISM'S SOURVY SCAMP.****SALTER SOWING SEEDS OF SEDITION.**

A little over a month ago we exposed the small coterie of traitors calling themselves the I.L.P. One of the individuals mentioned was Doctor Alfred Salter, prospective Labour Candidate for Bermondsey. We have now to deal with a pamphlet of his which brands him as a coward in addition to a treason-monger. We did not do justice to his villainy in our previous article. We now hope to make amends. We are well aware that the Brotherhood Meetings in Britain have been doing splendid service to the State in rallying young men to our fighting ranks and, in a thousand different ways, aiding the country in its time of stress. But there is at least one of these bodies from which we must withhold commendation—as at it was distributed, we hear, a pamphlet of the egregious Doctor Alfred Salter. It is a reprint from the *Labour Leader*, of September 24th last. The writer of so seditious a screed is as much a traitor and renegade as the soldier who deserts to the foe, or sells his country and his countrymen to the enemy. ~~Under the cloak of religion, the canting "comrade"~~ endeavours to dissuade the youth of the nation from taking up arms in a just and holy cause, all the time using the language of the Pharisee. Listen to this:—

If in my bottom-most heart I want to know what I should do under any given circumstances I must ask myself what is God's command on the subject and what would Christ do in my place. In the matter of this war I must try and picture to myself Christ as an Englishman, with England at war with Germany. The Germans have over-run France and Belgium, and may possibly invade England by airship and drop bombs on London. What am I to do? Am I to answer the Prime Minister's call, make myself proficient in arms, and hurry to the Continent to beat the Germans off?

Look! Christ in khaki, out in France thrusting his bayonet into the body of a German workman. See! The Son of God with a machine-gun, ambushing a column of German infantry, catching them unawares in a lane and mowing them down in their helplessness. Hark! The Man of Sorrows in a cavalry charge, cutting, hacking, thrusting, crushing, cheering. No! No! That picture is an impossible one, *and we all know it*. That settles the matter for me. I cannot uphold the war, even on its supposedly defensive side, and I cannot, therefore, advise anyone else to enlist or to take part in what I believe to be wrong and wicked for myself.

The author of this putrid piffle professes to forget that Christ drove the money-lenders from the Temple. Can anyone conceive Him adopting any pacific attitude towards the devils who have ravaged the maidens and nuns of Belgium, who have murdered defenceless men, women and babies, who have desecrated His own sacred shrines? Salter forgets that Christ, whom he professes to serve, is the fount and origin of justice, and is it conceivable that He would stand by whilst the Huns violate every law of God and man? Christian Socialism we can understand—the Socialism which means brotherhood—but that is no Socialism at all which shuts its eyes to the evils and villainies wrought by William, Germany's Heliogabalus. This Socialist Salter simply covers his bodily cowardice with the cloak of religious scruples. Our advice to the members of all Brotherhoods is to douse in the nearest pond any dirty dog who dares to bring Salter's screed before them. Meantime, what are the police doing? An internment of this pro-Prussian piffler among his idols in a concentration camp should be his lot if it is not thought worth while to bring him to trial. The men and women of Bermondsey will doubtless give Salter mustard and pepper should he dare ever to open his foul mouth again.

**Have you a Soldier or Sailor relative or friend? If so, turn to page 22.**

**WHY PLAY WITH A PIKE?****OUR HINTS TO THE POLICE UNHEEDED.**

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# WORKERS—TRUST KITCHENER!

PLAIN WORDS WITH THE WORKERS—THEIR WRONGS AND THE REMEDY.

BY A. G. HALES.

Workmen of Great Britain, no matter who counsels you, *you* must not strike—you are damned if you do; our enemy is damned if you don't. Few men have followed the evolution of Trade Unionism with more sympathetic interest than myself. I have watched your progress, not only here, but in every Colony and Dependency of the British Crown; you have often been maligned, slandered and misrepresented by your enemies. The eyes of the whole civilised world are upon you now. Never in the history of labour, skilled and unskilled, has there been such a golden opportunity for workmen to prove to the world that real patriotism stands higher than all else with the men who toil for daily bread. The gods have flung wide the gates of progress for you in this hour that reeks of war and bloodshed; no hands but your own can close those gates, and if you are guilty of such criminal folly, a hundred years will come and go before Labour will rank as high as it did the week before the war.

You have grievances; no man fair-minded in civil or military life will attempt to deny that you as members of the community have been exploited by gold-bugs, and overlooked by the Government of the day. But it does not justify you in jeopardising the welfare of the nation, the honour of the army and navy, and the lives of our soldiers and sailors. Only traitors and cowards would dare to claim that your unquestioned wrongs justify you in a course of procedure that may place us at the mercy of the foe who is even now only just across the narrow seas—so close, indeed, to our own coasts that should our soldiers fall short of ammunition through any criminal slackness on your part, and be compelled to fall back a short forty miles, the enemy, in possession of siege guns of hitherto undreamed of range and calibre, would be able to bombard the towns on our coast.

## YOUR WRONGS.

Let us look coldly and dispassionately at your wrongs and grievances, and see the facts as the historians of the future will see and chronicle them. Firstly, the price of your bread was raised, not through want of supplies, but through the machinations of a body of speculators who sought, and successfully sought, to exploit your needs, assisted by the exigencies of war. This is a fact; it is also a fact that the Government did not step in, as it should have done, to prevent the exploitation of the people. Had our ministers taken up a strong position then, and strangled the efforts of the speculative parasites, the Government to-day would be able to speak with a clarion voice to Labour, saying, "We prevented you from being victimised; we demand that you stand by the nation now," and the nation would have responded as one man. Once again, you were victimised when the coal ring raised the price of fuel in every city, town and hamlet in Great Britain. There is not at this present moment, there never has been since the outbreak of war, sufficient justification for the abnormal price of domestic fuel, which has pressed so heavily upon you all as family men. In plain, unvarnished language, just as the wheat sharps pinched your bellies with unholy prices, so the coal merchants starved your bodies in mid-winter by putting a prohibitive price upon coal wherewith homes are warmed. Both the wheat merchant and the coal "crook"—for a "crook" he is who battens upon the absolute needs of his fellow man and woman—did *you* a wrong, a contemptible, despicable, undefendable wrong. But, working

men of Great Britain, that does not give you the excuse to sink to the level of these high-placed harpies; it does not give you the right to play the part of traitors to your country in her hour of need. Do you wish it to be said in the future, and said with truth, that *you*, the manhood of the nation, could sink as low as these vultures who wax fat upon the necessities of their neighbours? I had thought and hoped you were made of greater, grander stuff than that. Let us pass on, for I want to view fairly what I believe to be your just grievances. The shipping "rings" did not delay an hour after the promulgation of the war notice to take advantage of the situation. To their everlasting shame, be it said, they raised freights wickedly, knowing well the hardships their action would inflict upon the general populace—a populace that for a generation past has paid without a murmur for the construction and the upkeep of a fleet for the protection of merchant shipping. These are three salient points, as I see them, which have brought the British working man's present grievances into active operation—the wheat thief, the coal "crook," and the shipping sharp. They are people who, by raising the prices of the commodities of life, have made the working-man's sovereign worth only fourteen shillings in the purchasing markets of towns and cities. So far the labourer, the artisan, the clerk, the small shopkeeper have a just and unquestioned grievance. They have been wronged, robbed and cozened, and their wages and salaries should unquestionably have risen on the same flood-tide that raised the prices of household necessities above the high water mark. Wages did not rise, and labour is exasperated, and justly exasperated; but to talk of striking, with the bayonets of our gigantic enemy threatening us, only a few miles inland, on the coasts of Europe, just across the narrow waterway from Dover, is not folly—it is a crime of unmeasurable magnitude, which, if persisted in, will spell the death of Trade Unionism for generations to come. There are men at work engineering trouble—men who work like rats in a drain and do not show themselves until there are spoils to be picked up.

## YOUR REMEDY.

They would sooner open the gates to the enemy than forego their chance of self-aggrandisement. Every man who uses the word "strike" now is a friend of the Kaiser's and a foe to Britain. I think there is one man in this realm strong enough, fair enough, honest enough to grapple with the situation successfully—the man who succeeded where everyone else failed in Egypt; the man who turned disaster into victory in Africa; the man who prevented war between France and Britain when handling the Fashoda incident—Kitchener of Khartoum. My advice—and it is the advice of a friend of Labour—is: Crystallise all your legitimate grievances into concrete form, send them to Kitchener by an envoy of Labour, and ask the man of Khartoum to judge between you and your employers. He will hold the balance level; he wants *you*, and if you only knew it, you want him as you have never wanted a man in all your history. I am no tuft hunter or toady. I believe that one strong man could settle your grievances in half a day; and he is strong. It is the place-seekers, the wire-pullers and underground engineers who are making all the trouble. Workmen of Great Britain, write Common-sense upon your banners; let Kitchener, the greatest exponent of Common-sense in power, arbitrate on your troubles. Don't strike.

**SOCIALISM'S SOURVY SCAMP.****SALTER SOWING SEEDS OF SEDITION.**

A little over a month ago we exposed the small coterie of traitors calling themselves the I.L.P. One of the individuals mentioned was Doctor Alfred Salter, prospective Labour Candidate for Bermondsey. We have now to deal with a pamphlet of his which brands him as a coward in addition to a treason-monger. We did not do justice to his villainy in our previous article. We now hope to make amends. We are well aware that the Brotherhood Meetings in Britain have been doing splendid service to the State in rallying young men to our fighting ranks and, in a thousand different ways, aiding the country in its time of stress. But there is at least one of these bodies from which we must withhold commendation—as at it was distributed, we hear, a pamphlet of the egregious Doctor Alfred Salter. It is a reprint from the *Labour Leader*, of September 24th last. The writer of so seditious a screed is as much a traitor and renegade as the soldier who deserts to the foe, or sells his country and his countrymen to the enemy. ~~Under the cloak of religion, the canting "comrade"~~ endeavours to dissuade the youth of the nation from taking up arms in a just and holy cause, all the time using the language of the Pharisee. Listen to this:—

If in my bottom-most heart I want to know what I should do under any given circumstances I must ask myself what is God's command on the subject and what would Christ do in my place. In the matter of this war I must try and picture to myself Christ as an Englishman, with England at war with Germany. The Germans have over-run France and Belgium, and may possibly invade England by airship and drop bombs on London. What am I to do? Am I to answer the Prime Minister's call, make myself proficient in arms, and hurry to the Continent to beat the Germans off?

Look! Christ in khaki, out in France thrusting his bayonet into the body of a German workman. See! The Son of God with a machine-gun, ambushing a column of German infantry, catching them unawares in a lane and mowing them down in their helplessness. Hark! The Man of Sorrows in a cavalry charge, cutting, hacking, thrusting, crushing, cheering. No! No! That picture is an impossible one, *and we all know it*. That settles the matter for me. I cannot uphold the war, even on its supposedly defensive side, and I cannot, therefore, advise anyone else to enlist or to take part in what I believe to be wrong and wicked for myself.

The author of this putrid piffle professes to forget that Christ drove the money-lenders from the Temple. Can anyone conceive Him adopting any pacific attitude towards the devils who have ravaged the maidens and nuns of Belgium, who have murdered defenceless men, women and babies, who have desecrated His own sacred shrines? Salter forgets that Christ, whom he professes to serve, is the fount and origin of justice, and is it conceivable that He would stand by whilst the Huns violate every law of God and man? Christian Socialism we can understand—the Socialism which means brotherhood—but that is no Socialism at all which shuts its eyes to the evils and villainies wrought by William, Germany's Heliogabalus. This Socialist Salter simply covers his bodily cowardice with the cloak of religious scruples. Our advice to the members of all Brotherhoods is to douse in the nearest pond any dirty dog who dares to bring Salter's screed before them. Meantime, what are the police doing? An internment of this pro-Prussian piffler among his idols in a concentration camp should be his lot if it is not thought worth while to bring him to trial. The men and women of Bermondsey will doubtless give Salter mustard and pepper should he dare ever to open his foul mouth again.

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**THE INEXCUSABLE SKUSE.****CHEAP SNEERS BY A BRIXTON COAL AGENT.**

The reason for the shortage in coal and the consequent high prices has been made clear to us by a remarkable epistle from Mr. H. H. Skuse, who signs himself as Secretary of the Brixton Railwaymen's Coal Co-operative Society, with offices at 11, Prague Street, Cornwall Road, Brixton Hill, S.W. The letter has been forwarded to us by a reader, who strongly dissents from and objects to its sentiments. He explains that he has been a member of the Society for three years, and, on January 5th, having paid six shillings to the agent, he ordered his modest quarter-ton of black diamonds. After three blissful weeks of waiting, during which nothing occurred and nothing arrived, he wrote a postcard explaining his expectancy. Silence still reigned supreme, so, five weeks from the time of ordering, he sent a letter, gently inquiring why he had not received his coal—further asking, if delivery was not possible, why no offer was made to return his money. To these simple questions he added another. Says he, "I asked him if he ever read JOHN BULL? I got my coals and a letter on February 10th. Please read the reply."

Mr. Skuse, it will be seen, is no student of the "Polite Letter-Writer"—and he is no patriot. Says he:—

Sir; Yours of 8th inst to hand, and in answer to your querie, I think a reference to any respectable daily paper and the use of a little common sense would give you the Reason why coal has not been delivered, you see the Collierie owners, Editors, Shareholders, Etc., are so Patriotic; they are very busy, speech making, to induce poor fools of working men to go and get shot for 1s. per day and while they are doing it, the same people are holding up Coal and other supplies to obtain a higher price from the working man at home, incidentally the wife and children of the poor fool has to pay the higher price as well. No. I don't read JOHN BULL; I have still, a little respect left for myself.

Railwaymen who are members of this Co-operative Society should be interested in the Secretary's cheap sneers at brave men. The men that "H. H. Skuse, Secretary," dares to insult and label as "poor fools" are fighting for our lives and our homes—even for *his* life and *his* home. Mr. Skuse says he has "still a little respect left for himself." Other folk will have even less.

**A TIP TO TOBACCONISTS.****THE SMART DOMESTIC AND THE DUD CIGAR.**

Tobacconists will be well advised to beware of a smart girl, attired as a domestic servant, who may enter their shops with a plausible tale to the effect that her master had been presented with a number of cigars, which, as he does not smoke, he desired to dispose of. One tobacconist of whom we know, receiving such a visit from this charming damsel, scented a bargain, and said he would buy the "smokes," provided they were suitable. Whereupon the sweet young thing departed, to return shortly afterwards with several boxes of cigars, which, she explained, her master had opened so that the tobacconist could see the contents. On the surface, they were a well-known Havana brand; and the tobacconist paid for them considerably lower than the trade list price. The sequel may be imagined. Only the top row in each box consisted of genuine cigars; the rows beneath were dud "smokes" of East End origin. We have not a great deal of sympathy for the tobacconist, nor have we much admiration for the trustfulness which enabled him to be so easily gulled. At the same time, a pretty face and a fascinating manner can disarm the most astute, so it is as well to utter this warning.

**CALLING THE TUNE.****BUT NOT PAYING THE POOR PIPERS.**

For many years the musicians for the concerts during the winter season at Hastings and St. Leonards have been supplied by a firm of *entrepreneurs*, whose standing has been beyond cavil, and who gave every satisfaction, not only to the audiences attracted to the entertainments, but also complied with their obligations towards the members of the orchestra whom they engaged. For some reason it was decided to make a change last autumn. The season has been disastrous—no doubt, owing largely to the war—but the main sufferers in pocket are the musicians; and their plight is due, in our opinion, to the unbusiness-like manner in which the Entertainment Committee of the Borough Council acted when giving out the contract. The contractor was permitted to lodge—instead of an effective and sufficient guarantee of his fulfilment of his commitments—what proved to be what the Huns term "a scrap of paper." The result is that members of the orchestra have not received anything like the remuneration due to them, and have no chance of recovering it—either direct from the contractor, or from the "guarantor," through the Borough Council. There is no suggestion whatever that the contractor has not paid out to them all the money he received from the Corporation—as a matter of fact, we believe that he himself is a heavy loser on the season. The men's complaint is that the Committee did not secure for the musicians the usual guarantee for payment of their wages. As matters stand, the Corporation has received full value for its money at the expense of those who supplied the music, and we consider that the members of the Committee who accepted so worthless a document should reimburse the poor men who have suffered through this lack of elementary business instinct on the part of those who have voluntarily sought positions of responsibility for which they are unfitted. The loss should certainly not fall on the ratepayers.

**A FACINOROUS FARMER OF FIFE.****SCANDALOUS STORY OF SCOTTISH SHABBINESS.**

All are not saints in Mr. Asquith's constituency, but when next he visits Fife he would do us an inestimable favour if he took with him a stock-whip and laid its thong heavily on the carcase of a certain farmer of Kennoway. It was on February 16th that David Wallace, who was employed on a farm, enlisted, and told his master of the fact, asking that his wages should be paid to date so that his wife and family should have something to live on until such time as they received his Army allowance. This Kennoway "Pocket Patriot" not only failed to fall in with the suggestion, but descended to rascality worthy of a German Uhlán. He refused the money due, and threatened to have Mrs. Wallace's pig turned out on the road, as well as the poor woman herself and her family. Worse than all, in its petty malice, was the fact that this soulless Scot refused to sell Mrs. Wallace a pennyworth of milk for her children. In these circumstances, she sent a neighbour's child to fetch it. When the farmer learned from the messenger the intended destination of the milk, the pig of a man refused to serve it. The poor woman, moreover, was ordered to clear out of her cottage, although there were two unoccupied houses on this patriotic farmer's hands. The case was brought to the notice of Bailie Mackie, and he did all in his power to arrange matters, going so far as to offer himself as security for the rent, but all his persuasion was lost on the porcine patriot. Such are the facts as they have reached us from a reliable source. That farmer has not a soul worthy of one of his own pigs.

**All Soldiers and Sailors insured FREE. See our Special Insurance Scheme on page 22.**